MARVEL COMICS

DEAD POOL

#34

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SLADE?

WADE.

BLADE--?!

WADE.

WADE WILSON -- *DEADPOOL* TO *YOU*, LURCH.

MARK WAID?! LOVE YOUR ASTRO LAND!

YEAH... THAT'S IT -- *THREATEN* ME.

MAKE ME *SCARED*.

LIKE ANYTHING *YOU* MIGHT DO COULD BE WORSE THAN *THIS* PLACE.

Home Sweet Home

DOESN'T SEEM SO BAD...

...IF YOU IGNORE THAT STENCH OF *DEATH*, *HOPELESSNESS*, AND *INEVITABLE FAILURE* IN THE AIR...

HELL DOESN'T SEEM *NEARLY* AS BAD AS I'D IMAGINED IT.

WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT *HELL?*

HELL IS WHAT YOU'RE UPGRADED TO FROM HERE.

STOW YOUR GEAR IN *THE ABYSS* AT THE SOUTH END.

THE GUYS YOU'RE LOOKING FOR ARE IN A17.

WHO SAYS I'M *LOOKIN'* FOR ANYBODY?

I MEAN, *WHO* WOULD I EXPECT TO *SEE* HERE?

...WELL, OTHER THAN BILL CLINTON'S NEXT *DATE*...

...OKAY, MAYBE ERIK ESTRADA... PHILLIP MICHAEL THOMAS...

...WEEZIE FROM THE JEFFERSONS...

Everything that made this book work

AAAAAAIIIEEEE

HE'S HERE.
HEY — KA-ZAR -- GET THE DOOR.
...SHO 'NUFF...
HEH.
SWEET ROSH HASHANAH.
WHAT IT IS.
WHAT—?
WHAT?!
FIST -- THAT JOKE WAS LAME THE LAST 12 TIMES YOU TOLD IT.
YOU KNOW HE LEFT KA-ZAR BLIND AND DEAF!
BLAZES...
...I'LL GET IT.
HEY—!
WATCH IT—!
WILSON -- HEY — WILSON — WE'RE IN HERE!
HI, MR. WILSON!
WELCOME TO YOUR NEW HOME!
AH, CRIPES.
JUST SHOOT ME NOW.

PULL UP A CHAIR, PAL.

SHAAAAWM

NO, I DON'T THINK SO.

YOU'RE WASTING YOUR TIME. THAT BAG IS *LONG DOWN* NOW.

WE'LL *SEE* ABOUT THAT, SCARECROW.

I'M BETTIN' I CAN STILL FIND IT.

YEP.

THIS IS HOW IT *STARTS*. THE *DENIAL*.

THEN THE HAND TREMORS... HAIR LOSS... FLATULENCE...

DIG ME, CAPTAIN CLEARASIL --

-- I WILL **NOT** END UP LIKE THOSE *LOSERS!* THAT WILL *NEVER* HAPPEN TO *ME!*

YOU *IDIOT* -- DON'T YOU *GET* IT --

-- IT'S ALREADY HAPPENED TO YOU.

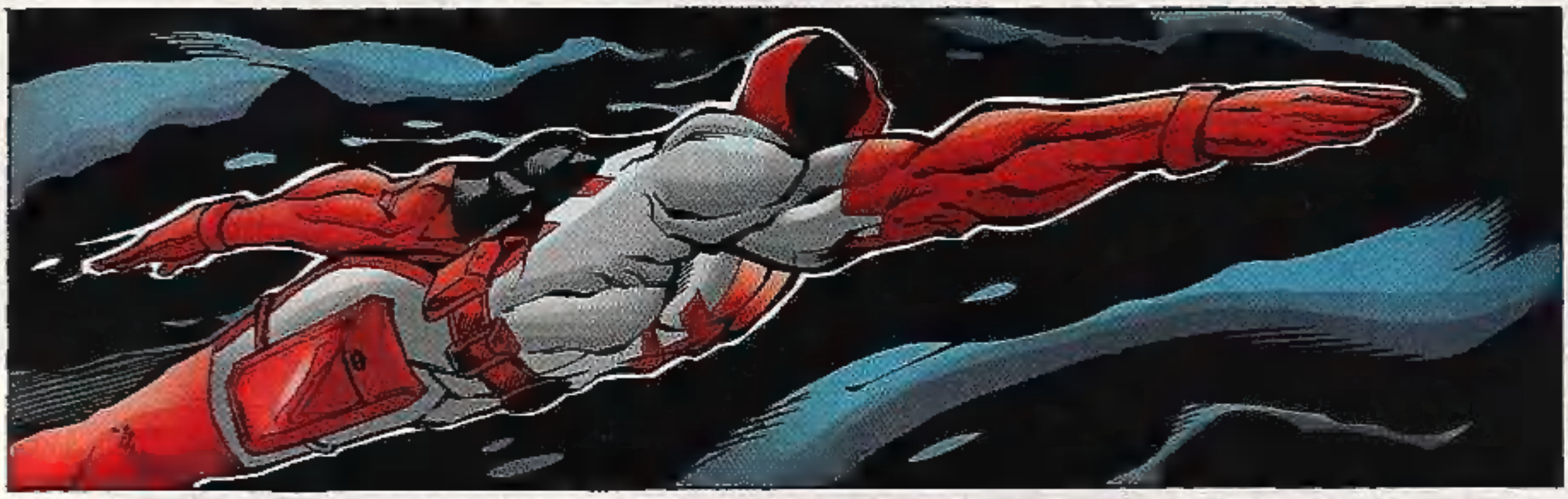
WHY DO YOU THINK THEY BROUGHT HIM IN? NAME ME ONE *HEALTHY* PROJECT HE'S *EVER* BEEN ASSIGNED TO?

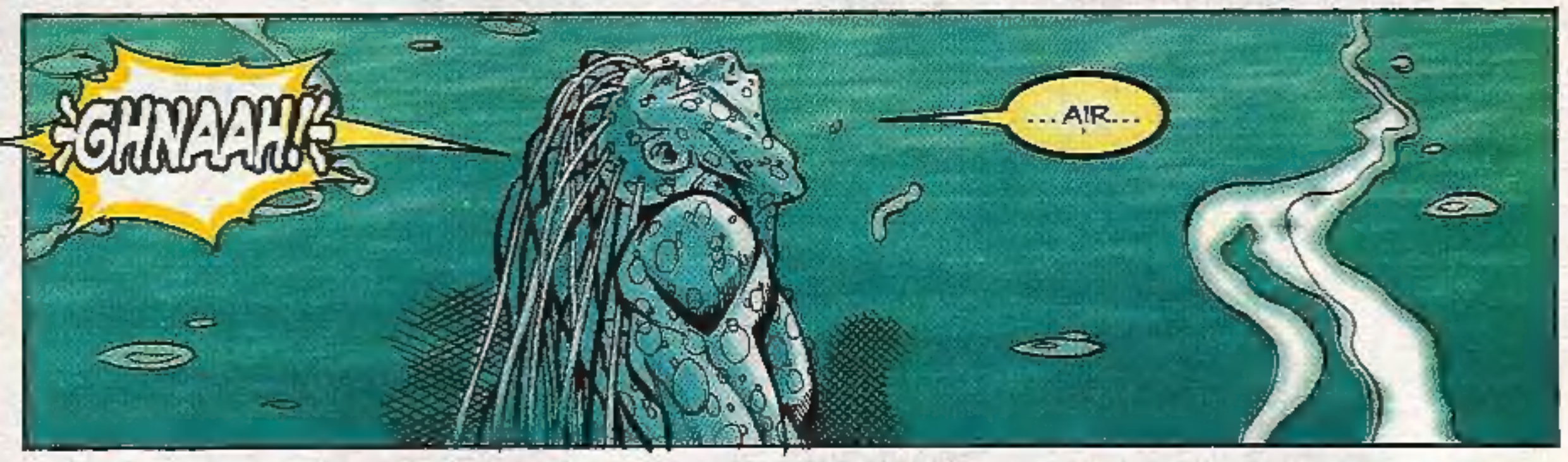
THE MAN HAS *ONE* PURPOSE IN LIFE --

-- AND NOW HE'S BEEN ASSIGNED TO *YOU*.

TO *BLAZES* WITH THIS.

I'M GETTING THAT BAG.




GHNAAH!
...AIR...

...DR...
DR...
...DROWNING.

...WHAT...
...IS HAPPENING TO ME...?

SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? **DEADPOOL** MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER; BLASTING DOWN THE FOURTH WALL BRICK BY BRICK! **STAN LEE PRESENTS:**

DEADPOOL

• Chapter X Verse One •

SENDING IN THE CLONES

STORYTELLERS
CHRISTOPHER PRIEST & PACO DIAZ

FRAMING SEQUENCE BY
GUS VASQUEZ

INKS
ROD RAMOS & JOHN HOLDREDGE

COLORS
SHANNON BLANCHARD

LETTERS
AS & COMICRAFT'S ALBERT DESCHESNE

EDITOR **RUBEN DIAZ** CLAIMS
HE'S NOT RELATED TO PACO

EDITOR IN CHIEF **BOB HARRAS**
ISN'T SO SURE...

OH, I'M SORRY --

-- IS MY *DYING* INTERFERING WITH YOUR *READING?*

YOU'RE NOT DYING.

WELL, *THAT'S* A RELIEF.

I ASSUMED, SILLY ME, THAT THE LACK OF *OXYGEN* AND ALL...

YOU HAVE *PLENTY* OF OXYGEN IN THAT VISCOUS NEUTRINO SOLUTION.

SNOT?!

YOU'VE ENCASED ME IN *SNOT?!*

MR. WILSON --

HOW DO YOU GET 130 GALLONS OF *SNOT,* ANYWAY--?

-- MR. WILSON --

-- DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER, BUT I'M SURE THERE'S A REALLY FINE OKSANA BAIUL JOKE IN THERE SOMEWHERE...

NEVER MIND.

I'LL READ THE ANSWERS FROM YOUR *NOTES* AFTER I *STOMP* THE LIVING *NUTMEG* OUT OF YOU --

-- MR. WILSON -- WAIT --

WHUMMP

?!

THIS IS NEW...

WHEN WE FOUND YOU, YOU WERE NEAR-DEAD IN AN ABANDONED MAINE CABIN CURLED IN A PUDDLE OF *NOXIOUS WASTE.*

TURNS OUT, SAID PUDDLE WAS YOUR *OWN BODY*, DEVOID OF CELLULAR COHESION.

NOT AT ALL WHAT WE *INITIALLY* THOUGHT IT WAS.

A BIO-CHEMICAL REACTION TO THE *EXTENSIVE ALTERATIONS* TO YOUR *DNA*, COMBINED WITH...

WHICH, IN LAYMAN'S TERMS, MEANS --

-- I'M TURNING INTO *SNOT?*

--

-- OH, I GIVE UP.

YES. YOU'RE TURNING INTO SNOT.

AND I'M TRYING TO FIND A WAY TO ARREST THAT...

"SNOT MAN."

"MAN OF SNOT."

"THE MIGHTY MUCO."

YOU'RE NOT TAKING ME SERIOUSLY.

BINGO. GIVE THE MAN A COOKIE.

ALL RIGHT, WHY NOT?

WELL, IT'S A *SECRET*, REALLY. ONE I'VE NEVER *TOLD* ANYONE.

SOMETHING I KNOW BUT YOU DON'T.

AND *THAT* IS--?

IF I *TOLD* YOU, IT WOULDN'T BE MUCH OF A *SECRET*, NOW WOULD IT?

FINE

ALL RIGHT -- YOU DRAGGED IT OUT OF *ME!*

THE *SECRET* IS...

...NONE OF THIS IS *ACTUALLY HAPPENING.*

THERE IS A *MAN.*

AT A *TYPEWRITER.*

THIS IS ALL HIS *TWISTED IMAGINATION.*

AND YOU TRULY BELIEVE THAT?

MISTER, IF I DIDN'T, I WOULDA ATE MY GUN YEARS AGO

IN FACT, I REMEMBER THAT DAY AS VIVIDLY AS IF IT WERE A CHEESY *FLASHBACK SEQUENCE...*

...INITIATED BY A *WAAAAVY* PICTURE...

FOR INSTANCE, AROUND THE TIME THE *KINGPIN* FIRED ME.

I GUESS IT WAS ABOUT *THEN* THAT I REALIZED THIS *VILLAIN* GIG WASN'T FOR *ME.*

IT WAS A ROUTINE ASSIGNMENT.

GUAAAAKK!

SOMEBODY'S UNCLE'S COUSIN OF A UNION OFFICER KINGPIN WANTED TO GET NEXT TO

NO BIG *DEAL,* RIGHT?

SKKREEEEEE

SOMETHING WAS REALLY BOTHERING ME. COULDA BEEN THE SANTA [redacted] --

-- COULDA [redacted] THE TACO BELL I HAD FOR LUNCH...

-GASP-

ANYWAY, I HESITATED.

WHICH WAS ABOUT WHEN I SHOULDA UPDATED MY RESUME

KRRAK

KERRAK

BRAPP BRAPP BRAPP BRAPP BRAPP BRAPP

CRIPES...

...HAPPENS EVERY TIME...

TOOK ME A LONG TIME TO RE-ACQUIRE.

TOO LONG.

MUCH AS I WANTED TO BLOW THE GUY TO *HECK* —

-- I MEAN HOW *DARE* HE TRY AN' KILL ME WHILE I'M TRYING TO KILL *HIM*?!

HE WAS MINE. I WAS LOCKED ON WATING

WADE

THE SECOND THOSE *KIDS* WERE OUT OF RANGE, THE *DEAL* WOULD GET *DONE*.

AND THE TARGET *KNEW* IT.

I KNEW I'D HAVE TO PLAY THAT ONE *CAREFULLY* --

SANTA'S GOTTA TAKE A LITTLE *BREAK* NOW, KIDDIES.

BACK IN AN *HOUR*.

IN THE MEANTIME, GO BADGER YOUR PARENTS FOR THE MOST *EXPENSIVE* STUFF YOU CAN *THINK* OF.

WHAT THE KRIS KRINGLE ARE YOU TRYIN' TA PULL--?!

NEWSFLASH FOR YOU, RAT BOY: SANTA'S *DEAD*.

UNLESS YOU PLAN ON *JOININ'* HIM, YOU'D BETTER DO *EXACTLY* WHAT I TELL YOU!

YES. MISTER FISK... AND ABOUT LINE ITEM 34(B) --

-- TWO HUNDRED SEVENTY-FOUR THOUSAND FOR A "WEEKEND RESEARCH PROJECT"--?

34(B)--?

YES — AH — PAGE -- 632 -- TOWARDS THE BOTTOM THERE.

GOT IT.

YES, WELL, MR. FISK FREQUENTLY REQUIRES EXTENSIVE... RESEARCH DONE.

IF YOU CHECK THE ATTACHED SCHEDULE 1632C, YOU WILL NOTE THE SUB-ITEMIZATION OF

WHO WAS THE *GUY*?

WHAT "GUY" DO YOU REFER TO, DEADPOOL?

THE NEW OP -- WHOEVER TOOK SANTA OUT--

-- CONSIDERING THE FACT THAT I *DIDN'T*.

WHY'D YOU SEND A NEW OP IN?

I'M SURE I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT.

ALL RIGHT -- LET'S MOVE ON TO YOUR CAPITAL GAINS ALLOCATIONS...

NO IDEA. HUH?

NO CLUE ABOUT THE *SECOND* OPERATIVE?

WHAT OPERATIVE--?

BBRAAAATATATATATATATATATATATAT

TATATATATATATATATATATATATATATATATAT

TATATATATATATATATATATATATATATATATAT

LET ME EXPLAIN SOMETHING TO YOU IN *PLAIN ENGLISH.*

...WHOA... FORGOT HOW *FAST* FATBOY IS...

YOU'RE BECOMING A *LIABILITY*, WILSON. I'M NOT YET CONVINCED YOU ARE READY FOR FULL TIME --

--"*RESEARCH*"--?

THE AUTHORITIES ARE *CERTAINLY* ON THEIR WAY, WHICH GIVES YOU INCREASINGLY FEWER *OPTIONS.*

IF YOU KILL ME, I'LL COLLAPSE AND MY WEIGHT WILL SNAP YOUR NECK.

IF YOU LEARN *DISCRETION* AND *EFFICACY* --

-- AND IF YOU CAN OUT-PERFORM THE *OTHER* RESEARCHER VYING FOR YOUR POSITION --

-- THEN PERHAPS I WILL RECONSIDER YOUR EMPLOYMENT.

"*BUT, ON THE OTHER HAND...*"

THOUGHT I'D SAVE YOU THE TROUBLE..

Y'KNOW...

...I FIND MYSELF ODDLY *AROUSED.*

BULLSEYE!

OKAY — YOUR TURN — SCREAM OUT MY NAME

HEY, WILSON, HERE'S A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR YOUR PIE HOLE!

LET'S NOT MAKE THIS *PERSONAL*. TELL YOU WHAT —

-- WHOEVER'S STILL *BREATHING* 30 SECONDS FROM NOW GETS THE GIG.

DEAL?

C'MON.

THERE'S A COOKIE IN IT FOR YA...

BANG BANG BANG

THWIP THWIP THWIP THWIP

NAH.

LET'S MAKE IT *PERSONAL*.

EITHER WAY WILL DO.

RRRAAAATATATATATATATATATATATAT

BBRAAAAT

I JUST DON'T *GET* IT

WELL, I CAN'T SPEAK FOR THE *REST* OF AMERICA. BUT FOR *ME*, THIS IS PURE *SELFISHNESS*.

A FEW BUCKS IN THE BANK -- A LITTLE CAREER *ADVANCEMENT* --

-- MAN'S GOTTA BUILD HIS REP *SOMEHOW*, Y'KNOW.

A REP I MAY HAVE *DAMAGED* BY HAVING WORKED WITH *YOU!*

THOSE FEW JOBS WE'VE DONE TOGETHER SEEMED LIKE A GOOD IDEA AT THE *TIME* --

-- BUT NOW I HAVE TO WONDER IF THAT WAS *EVER* A GOOD IDEA!

I HAVE TO WONDER IF YOU'VE GOT THE *CHOPS!*

I MEAN, YOUR RIDICULOUS *TRANSPORTER* SCHTICK --

Krik

I MEAN: WHERE DO YOU PEOPLE *COME* FROM AND WHY DOES *EVERYBODY* WANT MY *JOB?!*

MUST BE THE *DENTAL* PLAN

-- TOO *EASY* TO *PREDICT*.

GUM BALLS, WILSON. JUST HARD CANDY FOR THE KIDDIES --

-- BUT WHEN AIMED AT YOUR TEMPORAL *LOBE* --

-- IT'S MORE LIKE A *LIGHT SWITCH!*

GHAH WISH HED SHUT UP

...THIS MUST BE WHAT LISTENING TO ME'S LIKE

AND, SO.

BULLSEYE... IF YOU BLOW MY HEAD OFF...

...THAT'LL REALLY ANNOY ME.

YOUR *FREELANCE* GIGS FOR *KINGPIN* WERE PRETTY *LUCRATIVE*, WILSON --

-- LIKE SOMETHING *I'D* BE INTERESTED IN.

I'VE FREELANCED FOR THE MURDER KING BEFORE.

I WANT THE GIG BACK.

I WANT TO DATE JANET RENO. WE ALL HAVE TO LIVE WITH DISAPPOINTMENTS, PAL.

MAYBE YOU *DO* --

-- MAYBE I --

>GHAKKK!<

HA — I'M — I'M *DROWNING* AGAIN--!

...AND YOU INTERRUPTED THE STORY, ODDLY ENOUGH JUST AT THE CLIFF-HANGER...

LIKE I TOLD YOU EARLIER, MR. WILSON -- YOU'RE *NOT DYING.*

THAT'S JUST YOUR LUNGS FAILING AND POSSIBLY WHATEVER REMAINS OF YOUR BODY DEGENERATING INTO A LIQUID STATE.

AH.

NOTHING TO *WORRY* ABOUT, THEN.

NOTHING WHATSOEVER.

NOT EVEN *DYING?* WOW, THAT'S A LOAD OFF MY MIND.

I KEEP *TELLING* YOU, MR. WILSON, YOU'RE *NOT DYING.*

YOU *CAN'T* —

-- I'VE SEEN TO IT.

NEXT

DEATH IN SNOT!

CAN 'POOL SAVE DEATH? SHOULD HE? AND WHO IS GENERIC SCIENTIST GUY? C'MON, YOU KNOW THERE'S MORE TO HIM THAN WE'RE TELLING YOU!

DEADLINES

Dear *Deadlines*,

I have enjoyed all of the **Deadpool** books, including #0 and the **Deadpool** Month books (October 1998, folks). But this latest tale... T-Ray is Wade Wilson?!?!? And if that's the case, then how come Deadpool is still referred to as Wade Wilson when looking upon upcoming issues of the book??? Well, if T-Ray truly is married to Mercedes, then that means Deadpool is a swingin' single again, baby, yeah!! I hope that Chris Priest does a good job; he has mighty big shoes to fill. Speaking of which, Deadpool will now have new powers? Huh? Oh well, as long as he opens up can after can of butt-kick and makes us laugh, then he's still cool in my book.

Until we discover that Mercedes and Typhoid are twins, make mine Marvel.

Charles Lee
target@bbtel.com

T-Ray, the man called Wade Wilson, Charles. After he chose a path of vengeance that ultimately led to his using and abusing the one he was avenging, namely Mercedes, he forever became the monster known as T-Ray.

As for Christopher Priest, what do you think of his debut issue? And it only gets better as he goes. Judging from the hilarity and mayhem in upcoming issues, we think it's safe to say that Priest has some mighty big feet himself. 'Nuff said.

Dear *Deadlines:*

I just got back from Universal Islands of Adventure. I would just like to say that that was the best park I've been at in a long time. I went to the Marvel Island 3 times, the most I spent in a single island the whole day. Now, I know what you're thinking, but I didn't go back so many times because I loved it so much, even though I did. I went back so many times because I couldn't find any **Deadpool** merchandise! What's up with that?!! All I found about Deadpool was a three-month-old comic! (The first part with Dr. Bong, which was great like every other issue.) I went there expecting to find at least a baseball cap with Deadpool's trademark "not-so-happy" face. I couldn't even find the **Deadpool** bust I got through mail order. C'mon guys! You have a huge jamoochie picture of MODOCK but you can't even have a lousy Deadpool cap? I'm sorry if I sound a little upset, but I'm actually *very* upset!! I want some **Deadpool** stuff to spend my money on! Gimme baseball caps, gimme new action figures, gimme posters, gimme a spare tire cover for my truck. At the very least, put the **Deadpool** bust with the others you had displayed at the comics store! C'mon now, you can't tell me kids wouldn't LOVE an EXPLODEY HEAD doll!

Anyway, now that I got that off my mind, I'd just like to say I love the book and that Deadpool is the only comic I still actually look forward to getting each month. I'm gonna go now 'cause you're probably gonna need a nap after reading this long rambling letter. Alright guys, hope to hear from you soon, until then MAKE MINE MARVEL! Better yet, MAKE MINE DEADPOOL!!

P.S. I want my Deadpool cap!!

-Eddy C
Teddyjax@aol.com

***ZZZzzzz*, huh, oh just kidding, Eddy. Thanks for being such a diehard Deadpool fan, we really appreciate it. That's sooo cool that you got to visit the Marvel Island so many times. Fantastic place, no? It's everyone's chance to immerse themselves in that mighty Marvel culture that our heroes, and Deadpool, call home. C'mon, moms and dads, grab the kiddies and hop in the bus, plane, train, or use a teleporter belt. Just go already!**

As for there not being any Deadpool stuff, we were shocked as well to hear such a thing. Deadpool deserves to be merchandised like nobody's business. Not only posters, action figures, and T-shirts, but think about it – Deadpool underwear, Deadpool toilet paper, Deadpool moisturizing cream, and what the heck, even a Blarney doll to snuggle with at night.

Hey, you guys and gals in marketing and sales, listen to Eddy, he knows what he's talking about.

And will somebody get Deadpool his baseball cap before he starts shooting up the place. You know how he gets when he's ignored. Mr. Attention, that Deadpool is.

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